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And this is glory ! Far and wide,
 Fame's echoing trump is heard ;
 And lo ! with fevered, frenzied joy,
 A nation's pulse is stirred :

And e'en the very church of Christ
 Takes up the hateful cry,
 And shouts her praise for victory,
 Up to the peaceful sky.

Nor she alone ;—through all their deeps,
 The fiery hosts of hell
 Howl peans to the GOD OF WAR,
 Whose work they love so well.

NOAH WORCESTER.

BY WALTER CHANNING, M. D.

The readers of the *Advocate* cannot but be grateful to its Editor, for the beautiful print of this early and late friend of Peace, which stands at the head of the last number, and those who are not subscribers would at once become so, could they but look upon that beautiful face. The spirit of Peace, the dove from heaven, has found its home there, and you see that it will never be scared away. What so firm, what so immovable as this principle of Peace ! It is the victory over self, over the brutal, over the satanic. It is the conqueror over the world of the human heart. It says to it, and to him who has it, " be of good cheer, you have overcome the world." But not only is the reign of Peace, when perfect, an established monarchy ; it is full of gentleness in its mighty rule. It is the wisdom from above. It is the placable, the loving Jesus ! It is the divine manifested in the human. It is the spiritual illumining the corporeal. It is noble because it is just. It gives true nobility, true grandeur to the countenance, as it invests the soul with genuine nobility. See it as it lives, faintly, indeed, but truly, in that transcript of the face of our friend. You see that such a man was just, as well as merciful. You see that his great reason, his infinite conscience, gave in subjection to him the poor, the infirm, the uncertain, and replaced them all by that silent, loving energy, which has place in the agencies, the unerring agencies of the universe of God ! Who would not give in his willing, his cheerful adhesion to a principle which can transform a man into an angel of light ? Which in its rapturous power can fill the soul with love, and recognise in man the child of a heavenly Father, the disciple of his Son, the heir of an heavenly inheritance !

The cause of Peace is the cause of God. Those who make or preserve it are his *children*. What an adoption! And upon how noble a principle! Would that men would understand the whole meaning of that scripture which teaches that doctrine. For what is its converse? What is war? It is separation from God. It is the denial and the destruction too of the paternal relation with the infinite Father. It drives men, it takes them, out of their Father's house. Does it not take from them his love? Dreadful is the thought which thus lies in close approximation to, if not in the fact of, this moral aberration from the Divine. Do men feel this in its terrible force and truth? Does the temporary government of this country understand what is its responsibility when it makes public preparation for that which separates the child from his Father, the man from his God! What infinite woes are denounced upon him who taketh the sword? How terrible that bereavement which war makes! It is an open grave for him who in the fullest health might live for the service and love of God and of man. It is the winding sheet of thousands who die out of the ordinary appointment of God, and compared to which the approaches of death in all other forms are merciful. When will be that time when the reign of individual and of world-wide love shall take the place of this personal and universal hate? When will government and people resting on christianity, as the exponent of all humanity, be the acknowledged element of all that is noble in enterprise, grand in accomplishment,—worthy of the hearty honor of man, and sure of the approbation of God! What grander, what more noble, what more deserving infinite reverence and love, than the manifestation of divine principles in human word and in human act? Peace is the complement of them all. It is their sole condition; it forms their very self.

Let us give to this great cause our hearts, our minds, our lives. Let us look with love and with holy awe upon the speaking memorials of those who have been its fast friends in their lives, and in whose death its power had perfect place. See it living in Wilberforce, and in Clarkson, abroad,—in Worcester, in Ladd,—in Tuckerman and in Ware at home. Apostles of peace! who does not honor you in remembrance of your heroic lives,—in the conquest you made over the evil in yourselves, and in the world? Visit us from the mansions of Peace which are now yours, and in smiles, and in great speech, bid us, too, to be of good cheer. We feel that we are ever in the presence of the Infinite. Are we not still the companions of his glorified children! we would live here on the earth, God's earth, as if in heaven. We would pray for its sanctification, its redemption, its present, its everlasting Peace!